

Good Morning

\$10

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

Who are the Dutch?

"WE claim that with God's help and our own toil we made a country worth living in, and as events in fateful times have shown, worth dying for. The Dutch wrested their soil from the sea; we are certainly not going to lose it to the Hun. In their history, the British and the Dutch have done many of the same things. We have fought for liberty and decency. The spirit of adventure inherent to sea-going nations brought us our empires. We have used well the power and resources they brought us."

So said, recently, Jhr. Michiels van Verduynen, Netherlands Ambassador to the Court of St. James.

There is a saying: "God made the world, but the Dutch made Holland." The early history of the Netherlands was one of constant battle, not against people, but against water. Protected by dykes, 24 per cent. of Holland is below sea-level, in some parts as much as fifteen feet.

The Netherlands are a delta of the great rivers—Rhine, Meuse and Scheldt. In the spring-time these rivers flooded huge tracts of the land, while the Western part was regularly soaked by the tides. So dykes were built along the river banks and the coast.

The ground behind the dykes was fertile, but there was still the danger that the huge inland lakes would flood the pastures and the cultivated fields. There were, too, great marshes and swamps.

Adding land

In the sixteenth century reclamation started. Dykes were constructed round the lakes and windmills placed at the top of the dykes. These mills operated pumps which emptied the water from the lakes into drainage canals, dug in the middle of the dykes. The lakes and marshes disappeared.

The Zuyder Zee is the deep bay separating North Holland from Friesland. It is fast disappearing, and when the whole of that reclamation scheme is completed 550,000 acres will have been added to the land.

Holland is only about twice the size of Wales, but nine million people live there. The density of the population is 630 per square mile, against England's 470. But the population of the Netherlands empire is 81,000,000.

From the earliest days the Dutch have been enterprising merchants and intrepid seamen. As capable organisers and colonisers they have built up a great empire overseas. The Netherlands East Indies consist of thousands of small islands between Asia and Australia. The five principal islands are as large as great states in Europe.

The Dutch have not looked upon the Indies as a colony to be exploited; it has always been regarded as a part of the Netherlands Kingdom. Every Dutch subject, whether Indonesian, Chinese, Arab or European, finds every Government function open to him.

The Indies supply 40 per cent. of the world's rubber, 19 per cent. of the tea, 86 per cent. of the pepper, 23 per cent. of the tin, together with immense quantities of cocoanut products, palmoil, kapok, oil bauxite, tapioca, resins, maize and much else. The resources of the Dutch West Indies are, too, far from negligible.

In the Netherlands there is clay in the West, sand in the East and not a single good seaport. Yet the country is today fertile and one of the most important entrances to the European continent. Rotterdam and Amsterdam are vital parts. A canal links the latter with the North Sea.

The Dutchman is always building—roads, bridges, locks, houses. Over 40 per cent. of the houses in the Netherlands have been built since 1914.

In some parts of the country there are whole towns that have been built since the last war. Yet other towns remain very much as they were in the Middle Ages, and the inhabitants wear clothes made familiar by Rembrandt.

Although there is no iron ore in the country, modern smelting and metal industries have been developed. Shipbuilding is pre-eminent, all types of machinery are constructed and radio has grown to be of outstanding importance.



An aerial view looking down on the Yssel River, flowing into the Yssel Lake. The flat nature of the land makes it ideal for flooding in case of emergency.

There are no minerals except coal in the southernmost extremity of the country. The Dutch miner has the highest output in the world, 712 tons per year.

Employers and employees must contribute to various funds for illness, accidents and invalids, so that the workman can draw upon these funds in case of necessity. The State and the municipalities give annual subsidies for unemployment insurance.

Every Dutchman can contribute to a voluntary insurance so that at the age of 65 he receives a pension. Working-class housing has received much attention.

All get chance

There are no public schools and the children of rich and poor alike have the same opportunities. School fees are arranged in accordance with the earning capacity of the parent. There are 8,258 elementary schools and 244 secondary schools, which prepare youth for commerce, industry, and the universities. The latter are world-famous. From them many graduates go to the East Indies.

There is no country in the world where an acre produces as much as in Holland. Thousands of acres are covered with glass. The bulb fields are world-famous.

"His name will live in British submarine annals"

Admiral (Submarines) on :—

COMMANDER J. W. LINTON, V.C. D.S.O. D.S.C., R.N.

This tribute from the Admiral, Submarines (Rear-Admiral C. B. Barry, D.S.O.) was issued to the Press, following the announcement of the award of the Victoria Cross to Commander Linton :—

THE name of John Wallace Linton will live in British submarine annals, not only for his achievements as a Commanding Officer, first of the *Pandora*, and then of the *Turbulent* but also for his inspiring leadership through three years of intensive submarine activity in the Mediterranean. To a degree rare even among submarine commanders of the Royal Navy, he was endowed with the ability to inspire confidence among younger officers. His high qualities of resolution and calm judgment conveyed by his bearing more often than in words, were well known throughout the Mediterranean commands, and will long be remembered.

Linton, who was 37, joined

Just before the country was invaded there were a million and a half milk cows. Cheese, butter and condensed milk were exported to 97 countries. The Dutch milk cow, especially the Frisian, was exported to practically every country in the world.

House of Orange

The birthday of Queen Wilhelmina is the National Day of

the Submarine Branch of the Royal Navy in 1927, and had been in command of submarines throughout the whole period of the present war. He carried out successful Mediterranean patrols in the *Pandora*, but it was in the *Turbulent*, which he commanded continuously from her commissioning in August, 1941, until her loss in the final phase of the North African campaign, that he achieved his most notable triumphs. These have been fully stated in the citation accompanying the award of his Victoria Cross.

He was completely devoted to his work, as much ashore as on patrol; it was indeed his predominant interest.

SAVED HIMSELF FOR HIS DUTY

When general conversation was being carried on around him, Linton was invariably the most silent member of the party. He rarely attended a social function between patrols, and although he had been one of the Royal Navy's best Rugby forwards in peacetime, he was reluctant to play athletic games during the war because he did not wish to run the risk of sustaining even a slight injury which might cause an interruption of the work to which he had devoted every moment of his life.

PREFERRED PATROL

He allowed nothing to deflect him from the purpose to which he had dedicated himself—to seek out the enemy and destroy him.

There could be no doubt that he was sincere when he said he preferred to be on patrol

rather than in harbour. The sea was his element, and the circumstance of attack his natural environment.

He was looked upon by the other Submarine Commanding Officers in the Mediterranean as their great friend, guide and counsellor; to them he was a constant inspiration.

One who served under him recalls that when depth charges were exploding near, Linton would stand to one side in the control room, unmoved and im-

perturbable, and his only gesture would be to tug lightly at his beard. He would give orders quietly and without hesitation, and it was in such moments that his inspiring personality was most evident.

His name will always be remembered with pride and affection, and the memory of John Wallace Linton will continue to serve as an example to be followed by all those who are worthily upholding the traditions of the Royal Navy.



Beneath the Surface

with
AL MALE

ANONYMOUS comment made in Hollywood about Orson Welles, whose airs and graces were at that time a little exalted: "There, but for the grace of God, goes God."

And how many people are there of whom this crack might truthfully be made.

A friend of mine, now sleeping somewhere under the torrid skies of the Niger Coast (his second issue of Yellow Fever was inevitable, but he couldn't rest in England even though he knew he returned to his death) was a most modest sort of chappie, who just couldn't tolerate swank.

The last war saw him end up with the rank of captain, jobless unless he resumed his acquaintance with Equatorial areas. Even that return to hell was not easy, and he had scores of interviews, trying to sell himself.

One was particularly nauseating, and ended with a lecture by the big chief, whose parting shot was "I am a self-made man." "In which case," observed my friend, "you have relieved the Almighty of a very great responsibility." That ended the interview and my friend's chances, too.

A certain amount of pride is a necessary ingredient, but when it turns to conceit, and over-bearing swelled-headedness... ye gods... can words possibly describe one's feelings?

It's the same old story of great men never being great, but small men never being small.

Only yesterday we had no less exalted a visitor than Rear-Admiral C. B. Barry, D.S.O. (Admiral, Submarines). He came along to see how this paper of yours was produced,

and, maybe, to see what kind of fellows had a hand in the editorial side.

Of course, he wasn't piped aboard, nor were we expected to salaam, but the point is, that in less time than it took us to realise that he was in the room, he had made himself, and us, so utterly at home, that some of the boys were almost inclined to feel matey.

Even allowing for the fact that we were not on parade, nor are we subject to naval discipline, it might have been expected that any Admiral would be high-hat, and justifiably so. Admiral Barry, however, just proved his greatness, and incidentally, of course, he has "signed on" another kind of crew, who will not hesitate to do everything in their power to give his men of their best... which is how things always work, or nearly always.

Oh, I know we've all barked up the wrong tree... we've all wasted lots of time doing things for unappreciative people, but, almost invariably, someone comes along who recognises what we are doing, and shows gratitude; and their manner of showing generally happens to be just what we've wanted for a long time.

Ingratitude is positively cruel. One branch of it I loathe... the ingratitude of parents, who expect their children to be life-long slaves.

The ingratitude of over-possessive friends, for whom

everything you do is only half enough, if it leaves a fragment for someone else.

The ingratitude of the dictatorial type, who demand devoted untiring service, in return for which they grudgingly give the devoted one permission to breathe, and that, only because without breath there would be no servant.

Yet, most of these people think they are being straight, and honest, and pride themselves on their rigid adherence to principles. They overlook the fact that in that adherence they ride rough-shod over everybody, and in their boasted outspokenness, they often speak the accumulated evil thoughts of their mind and hurt friends less professed good-livers, but actually much more true.

As Burns put it, "Man's ingratitude to man, makes countless thousands mourn."

It's much more pleasant to be tolerant of the weaknesses of others, knowing full-well that you are not so perfect yourself. It's much happier making someone else a little less worried.

An acid mind invariably creates acid in the system, with consequent physical pain... so why the dickens need one aggravate things?

If only people would mind their own business a little bit more, and other peoples' less; if only they would be more tolerant and more grateful... qualities which don't cost a dime, yet cannot be bought... more considerate!

Wouldn't it make just one hell of a difference?

Cheerio and Good Hunting.
AL. MALE.

SUNDAY FARE

The case of the Little King

**3-MINUTE
THRILLER**

By NIGEL MORLAND

THE second problem in which Mrs. Pym's help was sought during her stay in Paris dealt with a stout young man who paid a visit to enjoy himself.

King Lemuel occupied a somewhat uneasy throne in the Balkans. He was irresponsible, overbearing and rude, a chain-smoker of long Russian cigarettes, which he kept in his mouth while talking, seemingly for the pleasure of puffing smoke into the faces of his companions.

He visited the laboratory of the great Professor Czerny, whose work on blood-sucking ticks had made him world-famous by rendering habitable certain fever-ridden Bulgarian valleys. It was natural that Lemuel should wish to pay his lordly respects, though it was well known Czerny was a rabid anti-royalist and a dangerous freethinker.

But everything seemed to go off well. The laboratory into which the young king was ushered had the usual impedimenta. Only harmless work was going on, the sole scientific activity being a retort of trichlorethylene, which sent off a gentle vapour as it was being prepared for use as a solvent. Several plain-clothes men were present; three of Lemuel's own staff, two newspapermen, and Professor Czerny.

The king exchanged florid compliments, leant negligently on a bench to listen to Czerny, at the end of the room, giving an innocent little talk on his work.

The police were insistent that all the windows in the place were open, and Lemuel had no neighbour nearer than five feet away. It was Czerny's sugges-

tion that the king should stand by the bench; the police saw no harm in it.

A special car was rushed for Mrs. Pym precisely fifteen minutes after Lemuel collapsed in a spectacular manner and died before them all. The laboratory was a chaos, made worse when the police arrested the stony-eyed Czerny.

The noise was nothing compared with the uproar when the medical examiner made his announcement just as Mrs. Pym arrived, to the effect that Lemuel had been killed with phosgene gas.

It was considered impossible and absurd. Phosgene, said one of Czerny's assistants, was a lung gas. If Lemuel had been gassed, then everybody else in the room would have suffered the same fate.

Instant examination showed there was no gas on the bench where Lemuel had been leaning. In brief, with all the forces of science and detection on the spot, a man had been murdered mysteriously... and impossibly.

Mrs. Pym was not satisfied. She was used to cracking such problems, demanded that process dear to French hearts, a re-enactment of the crime. It was played by all parties with great dramatic power, including that of the policeman who played Lemuel. Only Czerny was reserved and apart from it all.

(Solution on Page 3)



WHAT IS IT?

Here's this week's picture puzzle for you to solve. The answer to last Sunday's issue was a close-up of a cylinder lock key.

Submariners Hobbies—No. 10

Build a house round a matchbox

THE cottage above shows a new departure in plastic modelling. Here is how it was made.

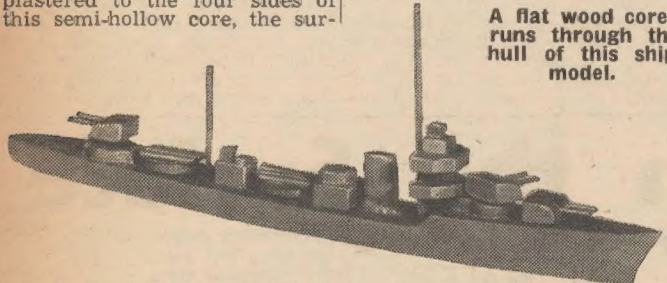
Two match-boxes were seccotined together, their inner cases being also well stuck to the outers so that they were immovable.

Fire cement was then thinly plastered to the four sides of this semi-hollow core, the sur-



thatch being merely scored with the knife, while the chimney stacks, wall, water butt and seat are all separate solid models baked by steady heating and painted with poster

A flat wood core runs through the hull of this ship model.



face being first sponged wet to give the fire cement adhesive base.

The timpering was then scored in with a penknife, the window frames scored by the same means, and the panes pressed in with the square end of a match stalk.

The roof was made in a separate solid shape, the

colours or water-colours afterwards.

The model destroyer is made of separate baked sections or shapes of fire cement, assembled afterwards and painted grey, while the horse, which is a very advanced model, is built on a wood core, with wire-reinforced legs, and is left natural stone colour.

This horse model is 7in. high and is mounted on a polished oak base.



His Kingdom of MUD!

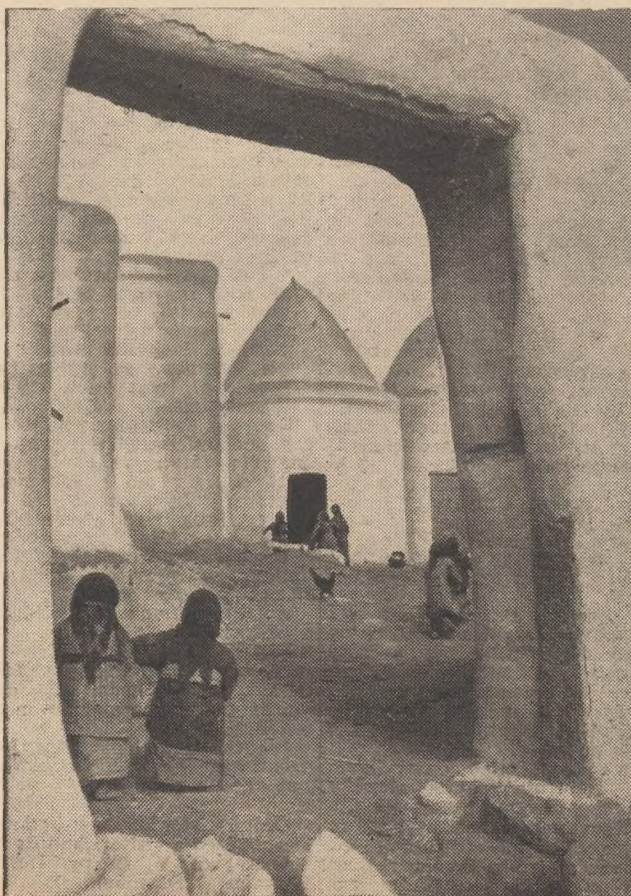
YOU are looking through the doorway at a Sheikh's house in the mud village of Talbeseh, between Homs and Aleppo. There are eleven of these villages, made of mud and wood, in the district, but this is the biggest. The little chaps in the foreground are the sons of the Sheikh, who came out for a toddle down the village street, but, seeing the cameraman, decided they'd better go home.

The funny thing about this particular village is that not even the Sheikh could tell the number of his population. He

didn't care. Neither did anybody else. But they did know there were "too many people" about.

The people seldom leave their village, and few Europeans ever visit them. Mostly they are Mohammedans, but a few are professing Christians.

There is no stone in the surrounding country, hence the mud houses.



ROUND THE WORLD

with our
Roving Cameraman



TIME—where time is limitless!

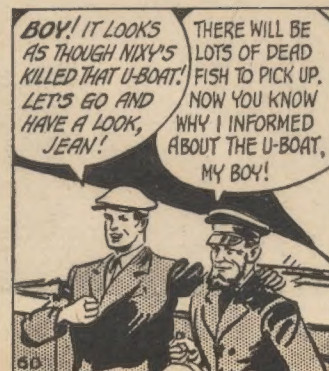
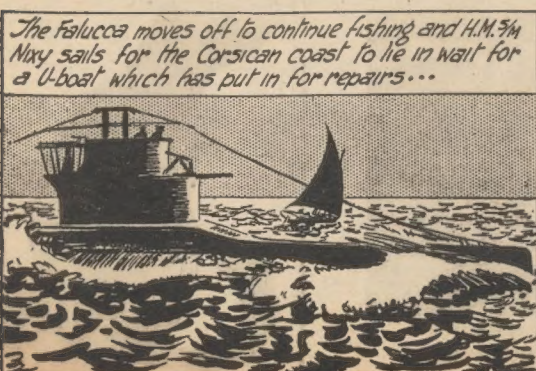
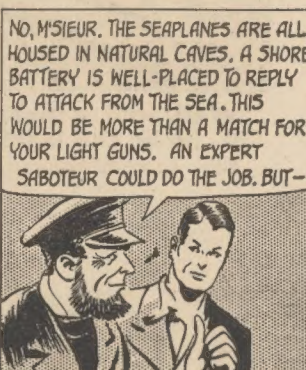
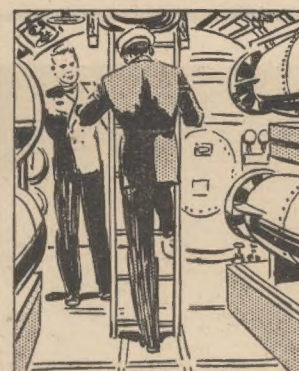
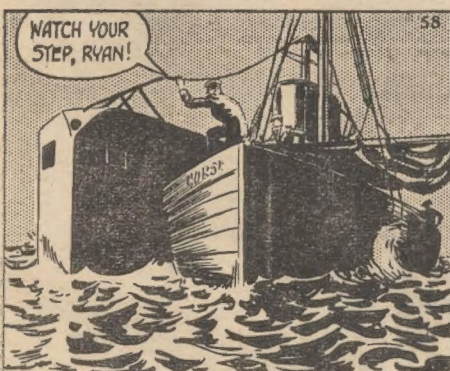
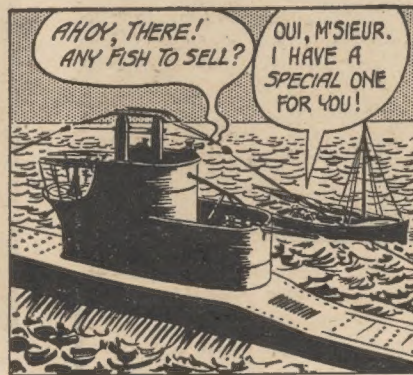
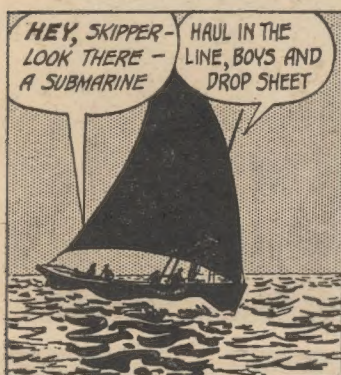
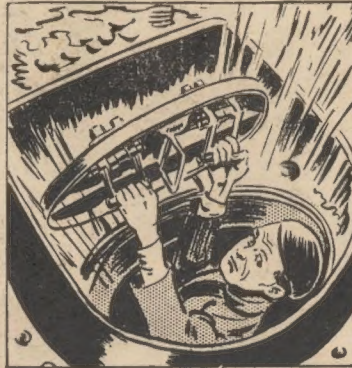
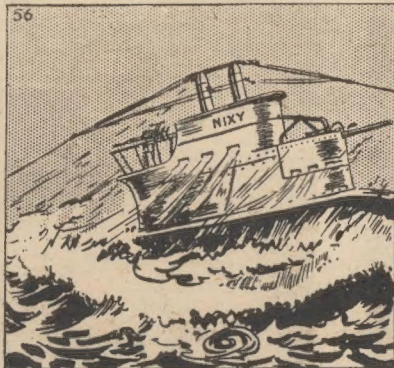
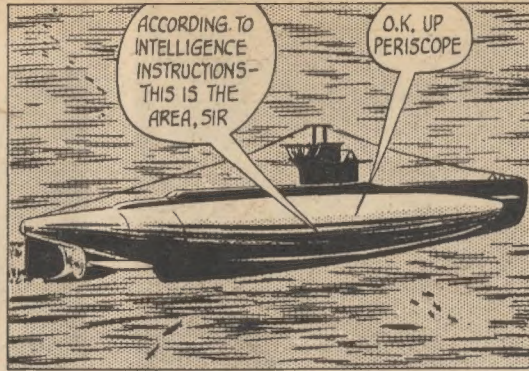
IN direct contradiction to the Western ideas, where hurry and bustle dictate, the Chinese have a leisure outlook on life. Time is not the clanging of alarm clocks, nor the ever-spurring screech of sirens. Like hanging glass strips, which tinkle their soft music in harmony to the breeze, so China takes time as something to enjoy, to get the most contentment out of.

As one famous Chinese traveller used to say, "If I am attacked by robbers and killed, then the journey ends... if not, then the journey continues." In other words, the Chinese philosophy says, "What's the use of rushing to save time, when you can't store it? Make the most of it by all means, but in the process get the utmost out of it."

The sundial does not crash out the hours. It simply and silently records the movement of the sun, and if you are not interested in the passing of time, you don't have to stop up your ears, you just don't take the trouble to look.

Puzzle in S9: 1, Lofly. 2, Ferry. 3, Great. 4, Dread. 5, Medal. 6, Stork. 7, Games.

BUCK RYAN



They call it Los Angeles

By HAROLD A. ALBERT

EVER been to the city where the morning newspapers come out the night before, and every speck of dirt must be washed off a potato before it can be sold in the open-air markets, where undertakers take full-page advertisements in the ornate night-club programmes, reminding the habitués that drink often leads to an early death?

You have seen it in countless movies. You call it Los Angeles!

It is still growing so fast that one main highway has an oil-well in the centre of the road. The well was there before the road, and the authorities had to agree to allow it to remain—so long as the oil gushed.

Ten years ago an enterprising optimist built an ornate luxury hotel in the middle of a wheat field, at the far end of a rutted lane. Other folk called him crazy, but film celebrities, ever anxious to be alone, rushed to his hostelry in dozens—and to-day the hotel is world-famous.

The rutted lane is now the Miracle Mile. The greatest architects in America were summoned to construct the finest buildings they could imagine. Millions of dollars were spent to make shops like palaces and office buildings resembling fairy castles.

One hopeful speculator determined to build the finest barber's shop in the world. He ordered the finest marble, door handles of handsome gold plate, panelling of woods brought from the far ends of the world.

CLOSED DOWN. The celebrities flocked there for a few months. Then they tired of it. To-day the finest barber's shop in the world, which cost a fortune to build, is shuttered, and going for a song.

Life is like that along the Miracle Mile. Some of the finest shops cost so much that they have never paid their way, have changed hands and been bankrupt again and again. There are rival attractions, too.

Where else in the world will you see a super passenger plane in the midst of a shopping street, vying with a stream-lined train?

It happened that the fastest and most powerful plane ever put into service on the Pacific Coast proved too costly to run, so a garage proprietor bought it up as scrap for a few dollars, set the monster down on the Miracle Mile, and built a petrol station around it!

Just across the road, a restaurant proprietor found himself losing business because motorists always looked at the plane. Determined to beat all competition, the restaurateur purchased one of the latest stream-lined train cars and opened a "stream-diner."

COCONUT GROVE. Another bright lad discovered that the fake palm trees used in a Rudolph Valentino film were lying around in a junk yard. He purchased them for ten shillings, fitted them into a restaurant, and so founded the famous Coconut Grove.

There are two million people and nearly one million cars in Los Angeles. In the centre of the city the congestion is so bad that nobody wants to go there to shop. The result is that gigantic department stores are closing down and opening new premises in the country. Thousands of shopkeepers who once prospered on the outskirts of the city face ruin. They'll have to move farther out in their turn.

Solution to 3-Minute Thriller

While Mrs. Pym realised, in her examination, that Czerny's assistants would not lie for their master, they had obviously refrained from detailing certain truths. She visited, of her own accord, the Pasteur Laboratories to verify certain suspicions. At her request, a *juge d'instruction* took over, and Czerny, under that vigorous French legal process, confessed his plan for Lemuel's death, and the way in which it was done; with his motives Mrs. Pym was unconcerned. "It was Lemuel's chain-smoking habit," she told the delighted Director of the *Police Judiciaire*. "Czerny built his plot on that, placing him where he wanted him—right alongside that retort of trichlorethylene. I noticed in the re-enactment how the cigarette was pointed, and found that smoking a cigarette into an exhalation of trichlorethylene vapour produces phosgene gas, which was how Lemuel died. I daresay Czerny's countrymen would call it suicide, but I assume you are a realist. . . ."

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

★
SHE'S
THE
TOPS
★



Lovely Lois Andrews, who topped the billing in her very first film, 20th Century Fox's "Dixie Dugan," and created a sensation in sensation-centre Hollywood.



★ "Say, Boko, I'se gloomy, too. Jest think what you 'n me could catch if en'y we'd the right bait! Sure, it's terr'ble to see all those fat fish a-playin' around. Gosh! If on'y we had some chips. Wouldn't we have chips an' fish, if on'y we had some of those darn fish!" ★

★ "You look up-stream, Dandy, an' you look down-stream, Fido, an' I'll look right here—and if we can't see any fish, we'll move up near those chimps an' show 'em how to do it!" ★



This England



Sheep and lambs wander from the high road to climb the bank in search of sweet grass on the Whippsnade-Dunstables road. In many flocks, like in many families, there is a black sheep. Here he is, ignoring the colour-bar, cantering alongside his more dignified relatives.



"Well, well, a piebald. That sure is a mixture. Can he be the laddie who supplies striped wool for our black-and-white sports jackets?"

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

Sheep smell much worse than mutton?

